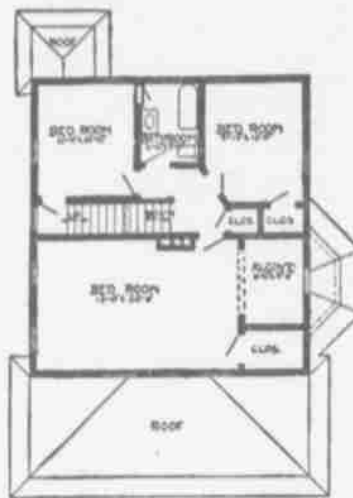




Mr. William A. Radford will answer questions and give advice FREE OF COST on all subjects pertaining to the subject of building for the readers of this paper. On account of his wide experience as Editor, Author and Manufacturer, he is, without doubt, the highest authority on all these subjects. Address all inquiries to William A. Radford, No. 124 Fifth Ave., Chicago, Ill., and only enclose two-cent stamp for reply.

There is one feature about a house that has a very strong and potent influence on our daily lives, a factor that we seldom think of. It is the wall decorations of the house. You may not realize it, but the colors and tints on your walls not only have an artistic effect, but they have something to do with your moods. A good many people have gone into the ways and whereof of this fact, dug into mysterious sciences and told us all about it with big words that had to be looked up in the dictionary, but that is not necessary. There are very few things that cannot be told simply and plainly without impressing on the hearer or reader that the writer or speaker has been to college.

We will spend weeks and weeks planning our house, lay awake nights over it and probably have harsh words with our wife over the number of closets and where the pantry shall be placed, for as a rule the wife only cares about the closet room and the pantry. We can have everything else as we want it except the parlor, dining room, kitchen, hall, bedrooms and the bathroom. That is all she cares to arrange except the size of the porch. Everything else we can have our way about. Then when it comes to decorating the walls we defer to her and let her have her way, too. That is kind. Maybe the parlor will



Second Floor Plan.

den and the dining room also are provided with beam ceilings and are so arranged that they can be made practically into one room when there is any social function. The kitchen is of sufficient size to be convenient. Access to the stairway may be had either from the living room or the kitchen. On the second floor are



be green, the dining room red, the kitchen walls will be apple green and one bedroom will be blue. Another bedroom will be buff and a third one will be pink. Or we will leave it all to a paperhanger and let him choose combination. Then we are living in a paperhanger's house, not in one of our own choice. A wall should be a background for the personality. If the color of the room does not hilt with your personality there will be discord. All things have color, and it is not an accident that their colors exist. They are all caused by vibra-



First Floor Plan.

tion, as shown in the spectrum. Red vibrates at the lowest rate of speed, as violet at the highest. Next in the scale above red comes orange, then yellow, green, blue and violet. Red has the nearly the same effect as semi-darkness. We all know that in the twilight we are calm and thoughtful. So in your red room you are influenced to be calm. Red has not this effect, however, on some of the lower animals, as we have often had reason to know during rambles in the fields where cattle graze. Blue, on the other hand, at the other extremity, has a tendency to make us inspired and think of higher things, like poetry and art. We now know why some dining rooms are finished in blue. This tint in a boarding house dining room will help take the mind off the possible meager array on the table. If you are thinking of Bryant or Longfellow it matters little what is in the dish. This is what blue walls are supposed to do to you.

But seriously, the first thing to consider in the furnishing of the home is the decorations that are to go on the wall, for they have their influence. Chery colors should be used in the dining room, not gaudy, but tones that will harmonize with the atmosphere that should pervade any place where bread is broken. In the living room or in the library there should be restful tones, like browns or tans. The bedroom walls should have tints that are not loud or disturbing. The house we show here is one planned to be lived in all over. There is no parlor that has to be closed against the encroachments of the children. The large living room is invit-

ing, and it is given a specially strong home aspect by the big fireplace and the seat at the side. The ceiling of this room has beams that give the impression of solidity and strength. The walls of this room should be decorated with a soft tint, like buff or brown, in some shade, with the beams stained black. This house is 28 feet wide and 29 feet 6 inches long, exclusive of porches. It will be noticed that the

She.  
A sunny sparkle in a pool,  
A flash and a surprise,  
A mist that's drawn across the stars,  
Her eyes.  
A touch of vapor and of fire,  
A humming bird that alights  
The torrid teardrops from the rose,  
Her lips.  
A garden filled with fadeless flowers,  
Where lilacs bloom apart—  
The wonder is that garden's mine—  
Her heart.  
—J. C. Gerndt, in Smart Set Magazine.

## The Silver Purse

By TEMPLE BAILEY

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It was fate that made Juliet's birthday and that of her prospective mother-in-law come in the same week. It is not expected that the course of true love will run smooth, and, heretofore, the love affair of Juliet had had no uneven places. She loved her betrothed; he loved her, and they both loved his mother.

Now and then a little jealousy of Carter's mother crossed Juliet's mind. The older woman was fascinating and beautiful in a way that Juliet had never been and never could be. Juliet was pretty and fresh and pink and white, while Carter's mother was stately and classic.

The two women talked of the son and lover who was in the far west, and planned for his homecoming.

"He will get here in our birthday week," the mother said, "and we will have two cakes; a white one for you and a gold cake for me. You shall have white candles and I'll have yellow ones, and we will have jellies and lilacs of the valley in the middle of the table."

Their disappointment came when Carter wrote that he could not get back in time for the celebration. He sent a box with his letter. In it was a silver purse and a set of Browning's. The two cards told that the purse was for Mrs. Crowell, the books for Juliet.

Juliet eyed the silver purse wistfully. She had wanted one for years, and Carter knew it. She felt a little hurt that he should have sent her books. Of course on the flyleaf he had written "With love, from Carter."



Talked of the Son and Lover.

She took her books and went home rather soberly. That night she read them and finding certain of the exquisite love poems, was thrilled and enraptured. She wrote to Carter and told him how lovely it was of him to think of her and to send a message of his love in the words of his favorite poet.

The next day the two women went downtown together. Mrs. Crowell wore the silver purse, Juliet with her shabby pocketbook, and away from the glamour of the love passages, again felt slightly aggrieved. Why should Carter add to his mother's beauty with dainty trifles, when that of his sweetheart needed enhancing? Moreover he had heard her speak of her love of pretty things. Yet he had sent her grave books that must stand on the shelf.

Mrs. Crowell fingered the silver banding with delight. "It was dear of Carter to send me this," she said. "Did you like the books, Juliet?"

Juliet answered faintly. The purse at close range seemed so desirable and the books on the shelf were remote. She wanted something that she could show the girls, something that would glitter and swing from a silver chain and add the final touch to her costume. On the way home she still cherished her sense of grievance. To quiet her doubts she got out Carter's letter. It was written in his usual difficult scrawl, and she read it slowly. It breathed his love

for her and she went to bed comforted.

The next morning Mrs. Crowell telephoned to Juliet. "I have a long letter from Carter," she said, "and I can't read it, my eyes are so bad, and you know his scrawl, my dear. 'I'll come up,' Juliet promised, 'this afternoon and read it for you.'"

"Come to lunch," Mrs. Crowell invited, and Juliet agreed.

While Mrs. Crowell prepared the lunch Juliet looked over the letter.

As she read a flush came to her cheeks and a light to her eyes, for this was the letter:

"Mother Dear: I have just received a note from Juliet. In it she thanks me for my gift of Browning's poems. I also have a letter from you in which you thank me for a purse. Now, as a matter of fact, I sent the silver purse to Juliet, and the poems to you—I know how you love Browning. I am so sorry that you should have been disappointed because I intended you should have the books you have so long coveted. But Juliet seems so pleased that I hate to tell her of my mistake. Will you buy yourself the books? I want Juliet to have pretty things, yet knowing her, I feel that if I explain she will feel it necessary to return the books to you and to take the silver purse which would mean so much less to her. Some day I can give her all the trifles to wear that she needs, and she has called the books 'precious.' So don't tell her anything about it. I'll write again soon and give you the news; this is simply to correct my blunder. I suppose the cards were mixed in some way.

Yours always, Carter."

When she had finished Juliet drew a quick breath. He had wanted her to have the purse, he had remembered her love of pretty things. The exchange would be easy. Mrs. Crowell coveted the books.

At this moment the elder woman came in with the salad in a silver dish. "Did he say anything about the purse?" she asked. "It was so lovely of him to send it to me. Men are so apt to think that we older women care nothing for the dainty things of dress. I get books, and books, and books, and practical things. It's a pleasure now and then to have something different."

Juliet's breath came quickly. Surely Carter would want his mother saved from disappointment. It seemed to bring her closer to him to think that she might have a secret with him, something that they could hide from his mother, rather than something that he and his mother should hide from his sweetheart.

"Read the letter," the older woman said as they sat down to the table, and Juliet read it, making up as she went along sentences which told that he was glad she liked the purse, glad that Juliet liked the books and said nothing of his mistake. After that they chatted of the coming marriage and Juliet's plans for it.

When Juliet went home she wrote to her lover and told him all about it—how she loved the books and how his mother had delighted in the silver purse.

"I want her to keep it," she said, "and you must not send me another to make up to me, for I like to feel that it is my gift to your mother as well as yours. Some day I'll give her a set of Browning and then she will have both things, and never know the difference."

The answer that came from him repaid her for her sacrifice. "I am going to take you to your word," he said, "and let you do without the purse."

But on their wedding day, besides the diamond pendant that he gave her, there was another gift. Wrapped in tissue paper and tied with white ribbon, it made a rather bulky package. Within she found a golden bag, all glittering mesh and sparkling stones. It was a thing beautiful enough for a duchess, a thing a prince might have presented to the lady he loved, and that was what it meant to Juliet; the gift of the lover who had given her the greatest gift of all—his heart's best and purest adoration.

## Choosing a Canoe

Turn the canoes bottom up and endeavor to note the difference. You will find that some are much flatter on the bottom than others. These will be found very safe; the others are cranky. If of birch bark or canvas, the bottom should be of one piece and the bark should be of one piece and the bark of winter growth. Never buy a canvas canoe which is covered with two pieces of material meeting at the keel. That will be the first place to look for a leak.

Having decided these points, look carefully at the bulge of the sides and then turn the canoes over, this time placing them on the ground on some level spot. Now stand over them, straddling the gunwales, and apply your second rule. You will notice that some of the canoes have very straight sides and that others round in. Occasionally you will find one which rounds out. Don't even consider such a model the second time. Summing up, a canoe with stiff ribs, well-placed planking, and a smooth covering, will give the "stiffness" required. The bow and stern of a canoe should be finished with a couple of feet of one-quarter inch metal molding to save the canoe from wearing through while resting on the shore.—Douglas W. Clinch in Outing

## As It Sometimes Happens.

"I see you've moved again. Didn't you like your flat?"  
"Yes, I liked it immensely. Best one I ever lived in."  
"Was the location unhandy on account of your business?"  
"No; it was just right."  
"Were the other renters objectionable?"  
"Not in the least."  
"Anything wrong with the neighborhood?"  
"No."  
"Yet you moved. What was the trouble?"  
"The trouble was with me, I think. The agent of the building said it was too hard work collecting the rent for our apartments."

## ALIGHTED FROM CAR SAFELY

Imperative Woman Lets It Be Known She Is No "Daddy Longlegs" and Gets Off Uninjured.

An unusual sort of woman was about to leave a car. It was a new car and its seats were so high in the air that as the passengers climbed up to them their efforts would have made a star feature of a comic supplement sheet.

The unusual sort of woman made elaborate preparations for her departure. First she caught the attention of the conductor; then she arose from her seat, raised her hand and turned slowly around; then she called out with a loud imperativeness that commanded the interest of every passenger in the car:

"I want you folks to take notice of what I do, because I may need you on the witness-stand before I'm through. You driver, do you hear me?"

As the car had stopped and the man at the crank was as motionless as if he were blue granite instead of blue cloth, the unusual sort of woman must have taken it to mean that he heard, for she went on:

"If you start this car before I get off I'll sue you for damages and prove it by these people. I want you to understand I'm no daddy longlegs—"

She landed in safety, to the hilarious enjoyment of the passengers, and when she had waved permission for the car to resume its duties the motorman moved on.—Washington Star.

## BIG SHIPS INSURE COMFORT

Immunity From Rolling and Pitching Puts Premium on Large Vessels Like the Mauretania.

Notwithstanding the beneficial effects which many receive from a sea voyage, making the slow boats desirable for that reason, there is no doubt that the passenger steamer from this time on will be the large, fast boat. The immunity from rolling and pitching, which is scarcely noticed on a ship like the Mauretania, where the 20,000-ton and less vessels would experience a rough passage, puts a positive premium on the big boats. Then, aside from those passengers who are naturally poor sailors, are the constantly increasing number who cross once or more each year on business, and to whom time and comfort are essential features. For travel, the big ship will eventually supersede the smaller ones, as fast as they are retired, although the cost in weight and fuel consumption makes it unlikely that any substantial lowering of speed is to be expected.

Before vessels of greater length than 1,000 feet can be used, there must be new docks, as present docking facilities, on both sides, have already reached their limit. A thousand-ton ship today would project 150 feet beyond any pier in New York where such a ship could lay.—H. H. Windsor in Popular Mechanics.

## Boston Schools Less Democratic.

Mrs. Ella Flagg Young, the able woman who revised the system of the Chicago public schools during her one year as superintendent, and who was in Boston recently, was asked what she thought of the public schools of the Hub, and, after a pause in which she seemed to weigh her answer carefully, she replied: "The Chicago schools are more democratic than those in Boston." She said she regarded this as an advantage, but she would not go into details concerning the Boston system. She pointed out, however, that many school systems were tending to make a great machine out of the schools, and that the individuality of the pupils was "lost sight of." "I believe," said she, "that the minimum salary of any school teacher should be \$1,500 a year, and at that salary I am confident that we should have a class of women who could cope intelligently with the question of individuality." She said she would pay teachers of cooking that salary.

## The Normans.

The Normans were Northmen, or to be precise, the descendants of Northmen, who had been expelled from their native Norway in consequence of an effort on their part to subvert its institutions and to make its lands hereditary, instead of being divisible among all the sons of the former owner. A band of expropriated outlaws and robbers, they won and held the fair province of northern France, which they named Normandy. When they invaded England they were Frenchmen only in the sense that they had lived for some generations on French soil. In blood they belonged to the great Germanic breed, along with the Anglo-Saxons, Danes and other Scandinavian and German peoples.

## Nothing Is Perfect.

Robert Henri, the noted portrait painter, painted the portrait of a young New York matron whose face was slightly scarred from an automobile accident.

"I feel dreadfully about this scar," the young woman said.

"Why, it's nothing," said the painter.

"Nevertheless, I loathe it," she declared. "On account of it I hesitated a long time about getting my portrait done."

Mr. Henri smiled.

"A scar like that would never show in a portrait," said he. "A scar, besides," he added, "should never deter any one from posing. Even the Venus de Milo, you know, is chipped."

## The Great American Pie.

Steak, salad, fish, potatoes in all forms, may be thrown into the furnace in a huddle, but when the close of the repast approaches, when the pie hour is about to strike, it is the duty of every true American to reflect. Then he should attack the pie firmly but reverently, never in the spirit of one who runs a race.

## Of Equal Uselessness.

A man without patience is lamp without oil.—De Musset.



## WEE INCIDENT OF CIVIL WAR

Young Soldier Crawls Along Burned Bridge at Night and Compels Enemy to Retreat.

The bravest and coolest act that came under my observation during five years' military service at the time of the Civil war, was that of Isaac B. Hardy, a soldier nineteen years of age, who has been for many years a resident of Santa Barbara.

March 3, 1865, Gen. Sherman, on his march through the Carolinas, arrived before Cheraw, on the great Pedee river. Here the Seventeenth corps, with my regiment, the Sixty-fourth Illinois, known as the Yates Sharpshooters, in the lead as skirmishers, held the center, writes Brig. Gen. J. S. Reynolds in Los Angeles Times.

I was ordered to immediately advance the skirmishers at a double quick through the town to the west end of the only bridge there over the river, and, if possible, prevent the enemy from destroying it. We reached the bridge after the exchange of many shots with fleeing squads of the enemy's cavalry, who had been guarding the roads leading into the town but already the farther end of the



Isaac B. Hardy in 1865.

bridge was on fire, and many of the cavalry had to ride through the smoke and blaze to escape.

The sharpshooters kept the enemy away from the bridge while our pioneers crossed over to the fire and extinguished it. Only a charred stringer was left of the burnt spar connecting with the shore abutment.

When the pioneers returned and the sharpshooters stopped firing, a line of infantry formed on the opposite bank of the river and commenced firing on our men. Then we were ordered to deploy the sharpshooters along our shore and drive the enemy from their position. Our rifles did good execution, and the enemy retired out of range. At dusk they again moved down to the river and a brisk fire was kept up from both sides till near midnight, when it slackened to only an occasional shot from either side.

About 1 o'clock we heard the report of one of our Windsor rifles at or near the farther end of the bridge, and this report kept up as fast as a lively soldier could load and fire. Our men recognized the gun and, as the enemy had commenced a brisk fire, the entire line opened fire on the opposite shore, avoiding sending their bullets too near the bridge.

Here follows young Hardy's modest narrative of his midnight trip into the enemy's lines.

"I walked over to about the middle of the bridge; then I crouched down and went forward very quietly, keeping in the shadow of the railing, till I reached the end of the bridge. I could not see any one right near the bridge, but I could plainly see the enemy lined up at the water's edge down the river, and I thought it would be fine to get a flank fire on them."

"I discovered a single stringer that connected the bridge with the land, and I crawled along this until I reached the abutment on the shore. Here I found a place to sit astride some cross-timbers, where, by leaning over to one side, I had a good view of the rebels, and they were not likely to see me."

"As soon as I commenced firing at them they opened fire pretty lively on the bridge and at the abutment where I was, but the timbers protected me. The place was much hotter than I expected, but I kept on firing at them as fast as I could. I could hear our sharpshooters' bullets strike the bank."

"It was not long till they fell back to higher ground, and from there directed their fire across the road that led from the bridge. I still had a good range on them and kept on firing. They pretty soon moved back diagonally to the road, and stopped firing. Then I could not see them, and I got out on the road, and there they were just disappearing into the darkness. I fired at them and they fired back at me. They were soon out of sight. I guess that is the last we will see of these Johnnies."

## An Easy Solution.

People who have been in the arctic say that when the long night approaches the polar bears climb up to the foot of cliffs, lie down and allow the snow to bury them until summer comes around again.

## Bridges and "Bridge."

"My!" said the first man, reading a newspaper at the club, "aren't those bridge disasters terrible?" "Does your wife play, too?" answered the second man, absentmindedly.—Buffalo Express.

## USED HYPODERMICS.

Only Relief From Terrible Suffering.

Thomas E. Vest, 1506 S. 13th St., Terre Haute, Ind., says: "I had no control over the urine and the pain when voiding it was so great I often screamed. I grew worse and lay in bed for weeks, the only relief being from hypodermics. I was treated by three physicians without help and the last one said an operation was necessary. At this time I began using Doan's Kidney Pills and passed a gravel stone as large as a pen. The next day I passed two more and from then on improved rapidly until cured."

Remember the name—Doan's.

For sale by all dealers. 50 cents a box.

Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

## WISE BOY.



Teacher—Procrastination is the thief of time.  
Scholar—Yes, but there are other watch lifters.

## The Prettiest Girl in Cincinnati.

"My niece," said a well known man the other day, "is often called the prettiest girl in Cincinnati. I believe half the compliments she gets are due to her shirtwaists. They are always as clean and dainty looking as a snowflake. She's mighty particular about them. She won't use the cheap, ordinary rosin soaps for washings, but buys this 'Easy Task Soap' you hear so much about. It seems that 'Easy Task Soap' just naturally goes after the dirt and doesn't eat into and rot the fabrics like the common yellow rosin soaps. It costs the same—a nickel a cake."

## Made Sure of Death.

A student of a school in Shinjuku, Japan, recently committed suicide by jumping into the crater of Aomayama. The tragedy was not discovered until three days afterward, when some documents left by the suicide near the crater were picked up.

SPOHN'S DISTEMPER CURE will cure any possible case of DISTEMPER, PINK EYE, and the like among horses of all ages, and prevents all others in the same stable from having the disease. Also cures chicken cholera, and dog distemper. Any good druggist can supply you, or send to Mrs. S. S. Sponh, 214 N. 1st St., Agents. Free book. Spohn Medical Co., Spec. Contagious Diseases, Goshen, Ind.

## No Friend of His.

"Is Mrs. Gauspelt a friend of yours?"  
"No; she's a friend of my wife's."  
"Isn't that the same thing?"  
"Not at all. She feels very sorry for my wife."

If Your Eyes Bother You get a box of PETTIT'S EYE SALVE, old reliable, most successful eye remedy made. All druggists or Howard Bros., Buffalo, N. Y.

Too much strategy can tangle itself more than it can fool others.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup. For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, cures wind colic. Dose a teatle.

Most politicians claim the silent vote so long as it keeps silent.

ARE YOUR CLOTHES FADED? Use Red Cross Ball Blue and make them white again. Large 2 oz. package, 5 cents.

Woman's sphere now seems to be the whole earth.

## AFTER SUFFERING FOR YEARS

Cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Park Rapids, Minn.—"I was sick for years while passing through the change of life and was hardly able to be around. After taking six bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound I gained 30 pounds, am now able to do my own work and feel well."—Mrs. Ed. La Dou, Park Rapids, Minn.

Brookville, Ohio.—"I was irregular and extremely nervous. A neighbor recommended Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to me and I have become regular and my nerves are much better."—Mrs. R. K. Kinslow, Brookville, Ohio.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from native roots and herbs, contains no narcotic or harmful drugs, and to-day holds the record for the largest number of actual cures of female diseases we know of, and thousands of voluntary testimonials are on file in the Pinkham Laboratory at Lynn, Mass., from women who have been cured from almost every form of female complaint, indigestion, ulceration, displacement, fibroids, tumors, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, indigestion and nervous prostration. Every suffering woman owes it to herself to give Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a trial. If you want special advice write Mrs. Pinkham, Lynn, Mass., for it is free and always helpful.